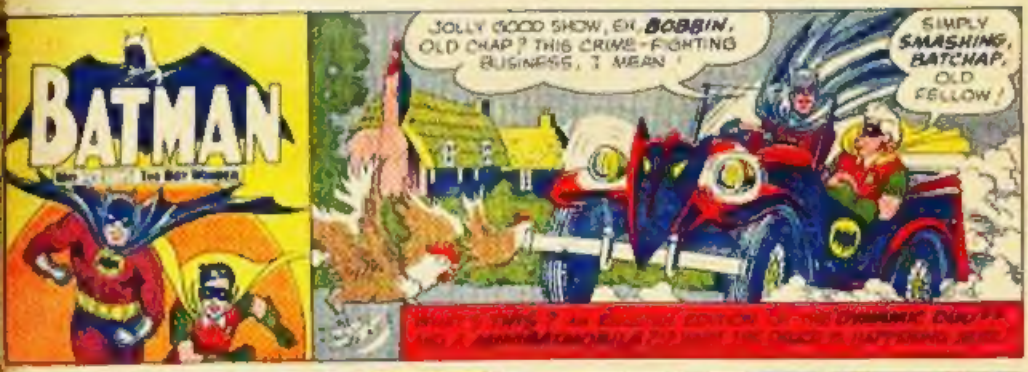
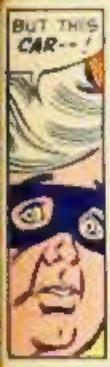
A POWER COMIC

THE COMIC WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

# SMASH!

No. 50
14th JAN 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d



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MEANWHILE, BACK IN GOTHAM CITY, U.S.A.--
IF COMMISSIONER GORDON IS RIGHT, SOMEBODY'S IMPERSONATING US!
--AND WITHOUT OUR PERMISSION!
BUT THAT'S A VIOLATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAWS!
EXACTLY, CHUM! WHICH MEANS WE'D BETTER TAKE A LITTLE TRIP--
--TO ENGLAND!
WAS THAT THE QUEEN MARY WE JUST PASSED, BATMAN?
AT THE BATPLANE'S HYPERSONIC SPEED OF 3500 MILES AN HOUR, IT'S PRETTY HARD TO TELL, CHUM!
AT THAT RATE, WE'LL BE THERE ANY MINUTE!
WE'RE PASSING OVER IRELAND NOW! ENGLISH COAST DEAD AHEAD!
AS THE HYPERSONIC BATPLANE APPROACHES LONDON AIRPORT...
BATPLANE CALLING TOWER! REQUEST PERMISSION TO LAND!
BATPLANE ?!? I MEAN TO SAY-- PERMISSION GRANTED! RUNWAY 25 CLEAR FOR LANDING!
WE'D BEST ALERT SCOTLAND YARD!
INSPECTOR WATSON HERE! AFRAID I SHALL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO COME ALONG!
OF COURSE, INSPECTOR!
YOU MEAN WE'RE PINCHED?!
NOBODY PINCHES US!!
EASY, ROBIN! REMEMBER, WE'RE GUESTS HERE, AND WE SHOULDN'T WANT TO MAKE A BAD IMPRESSION!
I'M SORRY, BATMAN!! I'M JUST AN OAFISH LITTLE KID!
MORE BAT-TROUBLE NEXT WEEK!

# PERCY'S PETS

YOU'RE DISGUSTING! I'M FED UP WITH EATING COTTON SOCKS AND WOOLLY VESTS! I'D LIKE A NICE BIT OF HERRING BONE TWEED!
HEH! HEH! MUM'S GOT A NICE TWEED COAT IN HERE!
SPLAT!
YOU KNOW THE RULES, MABEL MOTH! IF YOU TOUCH THAT COAT, IT'S ME WHO GETS THE CLOBBERING!
BUT IT'S MEAT!
RAYGO...
HEH! HEH! I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS WILLIE WASP — PERCY WILL LET A WASP PAST — THEY DON'T EAT CLOTHES!
MASCARA
THIS WILL FIX THAT MOTH! I'VE LOCKED THE DOOR! NOW SHE CAN'T GET IN!
OH NO! HOW BOTTOM CAN YOU GET?
IT WON'T COME OUT! IT'S TOO BIG FOR ME!
WHAT NOW? I NEED A VACUUM CLEANER TO SUCK THIS OUT!
SUCK!
ARGH! HELP!
YOU DON'T NEED A VACUUM CLEANER WHEN I'M AROUND, MABEL!
ZOOM!
NO! NO! GOOD OLD JUMBO! IN WE GO! TANGO!
ARGH! HELP!
NO! NO! LOOKS LIKE MEW'S BEEN SETTING A TRAP OF HER OWN!
HELP! HELP! GET ME OUT!
GRR! I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY THEY PUT HOLES IN THESE THINGS! NOW I KNOW!

# BAD PENNY

GEEE! PENNY'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! SHE'S PINCHED THE SUGAR FOR OUR TEA!
???
PLEASE PULL
PLEASE PULL
BOOM!
GRRR! LET ME IN, YOU LITTLE MONSTER! HAND OVER THAT SUGAR!
BOINGOINGP!
HO! HO! HE FELL FOR IT! HEE! HEE!
GRRR! I'LL JUST HAVE TO BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!
SOME PEOPLE WILL NEVER LEARN!
PEYONG!
AAGH! IT'S A RUBBER DOOR!
IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED —BE A TWERP AND TRY AGAIN!
GROUND FLOOR, PLEASE!
DOESN'T HE EVER GIVE UP?
WAA-AAH! ANOTHER TRAP!
PEYONG!
HEE! HEE HO! HO! HO!

NAA-AH!

GRR! THERE'S STILL THE WINDOW!
THROW!

GRRR! SHE'S GETTING TOO COCKY! SHE'S JUST WATCHING AT THE WINDOW!

HELP! SHE'S GONE! VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

BAH!

OH, NO! SHE'S BACK! GASP!

NOW SHE'S GONE AGAIN!

GRRR! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WAS A TRICK! SHE'S PAINTED A PICTURE OF HERSELF ON THE WINDOW!

OLD CORKY'S GETTING SMART IN HIS OLD AGE! I'LL HAVE TO IMPROVE MY GAGS!

RIGHT CORKY! I'VE HAD MY FUN! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SUGAR BACK NOW!
RIGHT – BUT NO MORE TRICKS!

NO MORE TRICKS! I'VE PUT IT IN A SUGAR BOWL FOR YOU!
COO! SHE'S REALLY GETTING SOFT!

AAEH! NO!

WIV THE COMPLIMENTS OF PENNY xxx
RUMBLE!
HEH! HEH! WHAT A BOWL!
AAGH! CHEAT! CALL IT OFF! BOO HOO HOO! I'LL NEVER TRUST HER AGAIN! NI-AH!

# IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

TAKE YOUR SEATS FOR THE STRANGEST EVER TALE OF THE BIG-TOP! STARRING THE AMAZING RUBBERMAN... TRAPEZE-ACE FRIEND ALONZO... AND THE WEIRD AND VILLAINOUS COUNT ARENA...

OPEN HANDS GAPE AT THE MOST ASTONISHING SIGHT THEY'VE EVER SEEN...

THAT CARAVAN MUST WEIGH A TON... YET IT'S JUST FLOATING UP INTO THE AIR!

AND ALONZO AND RUBBERMAN ARE INSIDE IT!

RUBBERMAN LOOKS DOWN AT THE RAPIDLY RECEDING EARTH...

WE'RE TOO HIGH UP FOR EVEN ME TO JUMP... AND IN ANY CASE I COULDN'T LEAVE ALONZO BEHIND!

WHAT'S HAPPENING, RUBBERMAN?

AM I CRAZY? OR ARE WE JUST FLOATING UPWARDS?

THE ANSWER'S 'NO' TO BOTH QUESTIONS. WE'RE BEING LIFTED BY THIN, ALMOST INVISIBLE CABLES FASTENED TO SUCKERS ON THE ROOF OF THE CARAVAN...!

I MUST BE DREAMING SOME TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT IS PULLING US UP!

WITHIN MINUTES THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED...

RIGHT! STOP WINCHING IN THOSE WIRES!

AND TEY...

AS A DOOR SLIDES OPEN, RUBBERMAN STRIKES...

WHAM!

WINCH MECHANISM SWITCHED OFF. I'LL JUST SEE IF... UUUUUH!

THANKS FOR SHOWING ME THE WAY IN, CHUM!

IT'S RUBBERMAN! HE MUST HAVE CLIMBED UP THE WIRES! HE'S COMING AFTER ME...!

YOU COULDN'T BE MORE RIGHT!

YOU WON'T GET ME, YOU FREAK! I'LL... UUUUUGH!

ZAK!

A LESSON FOR YOU, CHUM. NEVER UNDER-ESTIMATE A FREAK! ESPECIALLY ONE MADE OF RUBBER!

CRACK!

EVEN AS RUBBERMAN TURNS TO THE CONTROLS, A VOICE CRACKLES FROM THE RADIO...

THIS IS COUNT ARENA. FROM WHAT I HAVE JUST REMEMBERED I TAKE IT THAT YOU ARE NOW IN COMMAND OF MY HOVER CRUISER, RUBBERMAN. BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD AT ALL...

MANY MILES AWAY, COUNT ARENA SMILES SAVAGELY...
YOU SEE I HAVE SWITCHED OVER THE CONTROLS TO AUTOMATIC RADIO-GUIDANCE! MY HELICOPTER WILL CONTINUE TO FLY ON ITS PLOTTED COURSE NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO!
AFTER VAINLY TRYING TO TURN THE GIANT CRAFT, RUBBERMAN CLIMBS BACK TO ALONZO...
THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, RUBBERMAN!
WE ARE FOR THE MOMENT! BUT IT SEEMS WE'VE BEEN HI-JACKED. AND IT'S NO GUESS WE'RE DUE TO TOUCH DOWN ON THAT GRAND OVER THERE!
RUBBERMAN WAITS UNTIL THE HELICOPTER REDUCES HEIGHT OVER THE ISLAND. THEN...
WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE REACH THE SPOT WHERE THIS COUNT ARENA IS SURE TO BE WAITING FOR US.
YOU MEAN JUMP?
WITH THE TRAPEZE STAR PROTECTED BY RUBBERMAN'S BODY, THEY HIT GROUND
THIS WAY WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE TO LIE LOW AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
BOINNG!
BUT COUNT ARENA HAS SEEN EVERYTHING
THE FOOLS! THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE ME!
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST, DO THEY?
IT WILL BE AMUSING TO SEE THEIR HOPE FADE WHEN RIGHT! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO...!
SOON AFTERWARDS... AS RUBBERMAN AND ALONZO VENTURE THROUGH THE MOONLIT FOREST...
NOT A SIGN OF ANYONE!
NO... BUT THERE'S... LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR THAT NOISE... LIKE A GROWL!
THEN...
LIONS! THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!
RUN FOR IT! THIS WAY!
BUT AT LAST THEY CAN RUN NO FURTHER...
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE DON'T JUMP DOWN THERE, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN! THE BOTTOM'S FULL OF JAGGED ROCKS THAT WOULD EVEN TEAR ME TO PIECES — JUST AS THOSE LIONS CAN!
NEXT WEEK: THE CIRCUS OF FEAR!

# MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

*Who says figures never lie? asks Knowall Stephen Lee of Sheffield. If you turn this page upside down, you'll see what he means!*

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## MILKY MAGIC

Does anyone doubt your magical powers? Then pick on the biggest doubter of the lot, give him a pencil and paper. All he has to do is write his initials in capital letters on the paper and burn it. NOW, BY MUTTERING A SILENT SPELL OVER THE ASHES, YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE HIS INITIALS APPEAR BY MAGIC ON YOUR ARM. Sure enough, you pick up the ashes, rub them gently on your forearm—and hey, presto! Up they come!

The secret is this . . . some time (but not too long) beforehand you had dipped your finger in a saucer of MILK and boldly drawn your victim's initials with your milky finger on your forearm. This, of course, becomes completely invisible as it dries.

Oh, but there are a couple of warnings. Get an adult's permission or better still get him to watch when the paper is set alight. Secondly, if it's the cat's milk you're using, make sure the cat's not watching when you poke your finger in his drink! Okay, Knowalls?

## THE BENDING PENCIL

You'll need a long pencil for this trick. Hold it at one end and rub it hard on your coat sleeve. "This creates heat," you tell your audience, "and heat makes hard objects soft." Then hold the pencil tightly between thumb and forefinger, near the centre, and move your hand up and down rapidly, an inch or two on both the notions. Look a little worried and say to your audience, "I am sorry it's not hot enough yet."

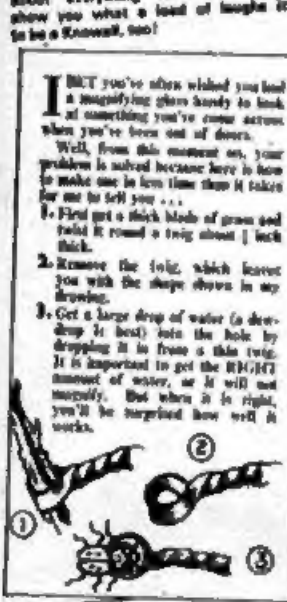
Make a show of rubbing the pencil up and down your sleeve again. Now hold the pencil between your thumb and forefinger once more, again near the centre, but hold it very loosely. This time, when you move your hand up and down, the pencil will appear to bend, as if made of rubber.

Then let your audience handle the pencil, just to convince them it is not a trick one. They will be really baffled!

I BET you've often wished you had a magnifying glass handy to look at something you've come across when you're been out of doors.

Well, from this moment on, your problem is solved because here is how to make one in less time than it takes for me to tell you . . .

1. First get a thick blade of grass and twist it round a twig about ¼ inch thick.
2. Remove the twig, which leaves you with the shape shown in my drawing.
3. Get a large drop of water (a dew-drop is best) into the hole by dropping it in from a thin twig. It is important to get the RIGHT amount of water, or it will not magnify. But when it is right, you'll be surprised how well it works.




## Vanishing Colours

Cut a disc about three inches round out of a postcard, and paint or crayon it YELLOW, RED and BLUE exactly as my sketch shows.

Stick a pencil through the centre with the colours upper-most.

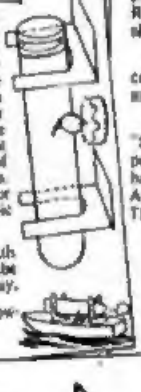
Say the magic word "SMASHADABRA!" and rub the pencil hard in the palms of your hands. The disc spins round—AND THE COLOURS WILL ENTIRELY DISAPPEAR!

**A doctor fell into a well**
**And broke his collarbone.**
**The doctor should attend the sick**
**And leave the well alone.**

GOT a little model boat or light toy car? Here's how to make it jet propelled. You'll need one of those aluminium tubes they pack cigars in—but Dad's got one left over from Christmas. Prick a pin-hole in the rounded end, pour about a tablespoon of water into the tube and screw on the cap. Now fit the tube on supports shaped out of cardboard as my drawing shows. You will easily glue the supports, or hold them in place with elastic bands on your model.

Light a candle stub underneath and, as soon as the water in the tube gets hot, your model will jet away.

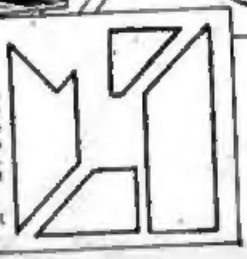
Watch that steam, though, Knowalls—it's HOT!



## 'T'-ZER!

There's a puzzle that is a lot more difficult to solve than it looks. Carry it around with you and try it out on your mates by pasting the four shapes on to card and cutting them out. The trick is to form a letter 'T' out of the pieces.

I'll print the answer to this next week.



## £1 for Knowalls

*Perhaps you know a trick or somethin that's fun to make or do. If so, send it o a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the addre below. If it's printed, you win £1. Bu remember, it must be your own idea an not copied from somewhere else.*

**My favourite feature in SMASH is:**

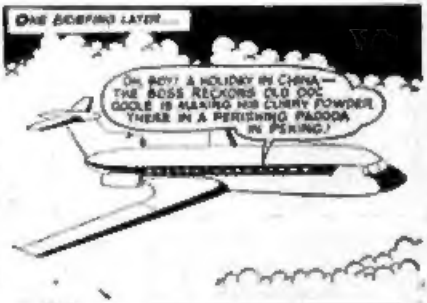
**The Feature I don't like is:**

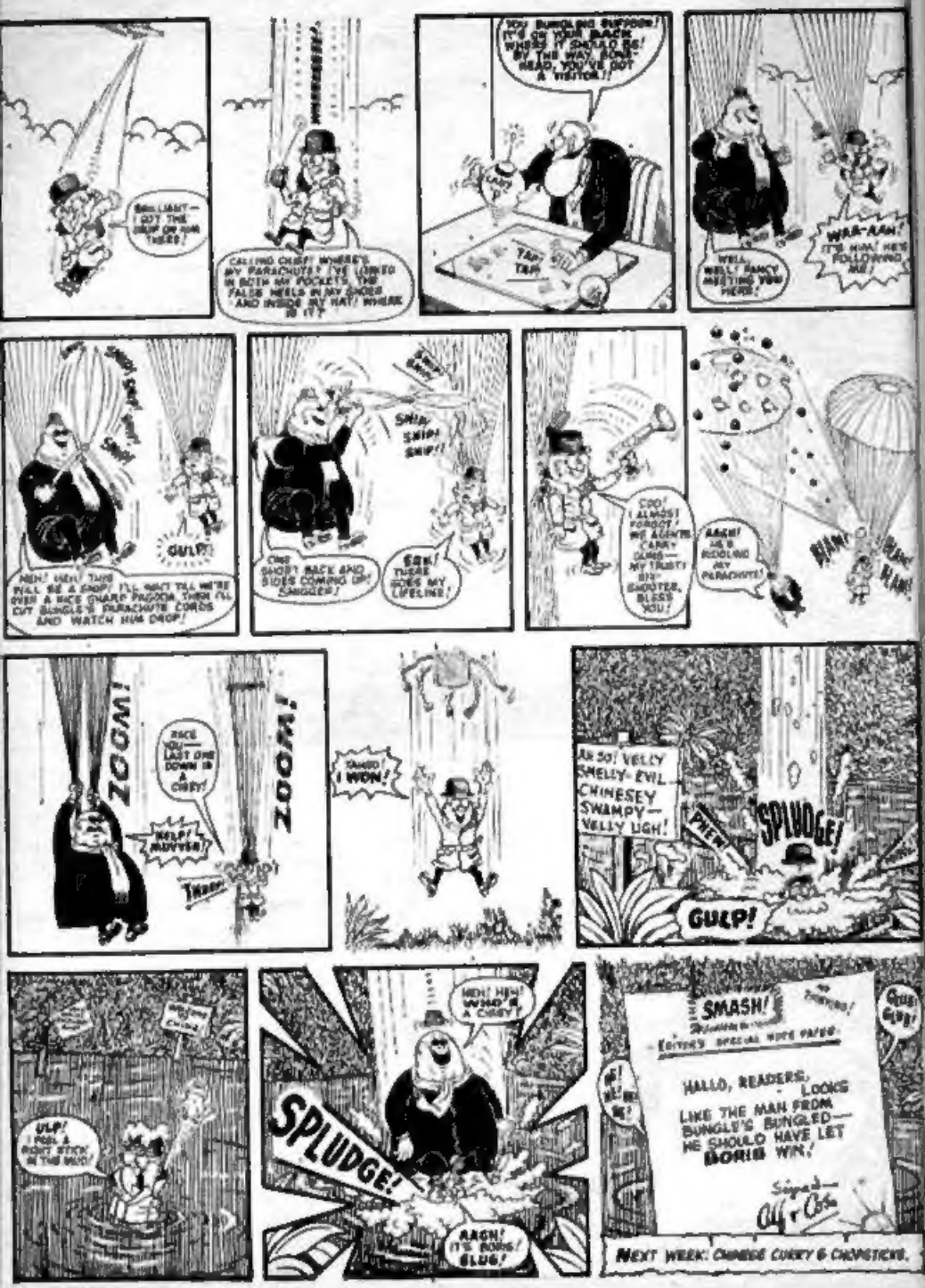
**My age is:**

**To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,**

**64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

# THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.




BRILLIANT— I GOT THE DROP ON HIM THERE!
CALLING CHIEF! WHERE'S MY PARACHUTE? I'VE LOOKED IN BOTH MY POCKETS, THE FALSE HEELS IN MY SHOES AND INSIDE MY HAT! WHERE IS IT?
YOU BUNGLING BUFFOON! IT'S ON YOUR BACK WHERE IT SHOULD BE! BY THE WAY, BONE-HEAD, YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR!
TAP TAP
WHA-AAH! IT'S HIM! HE'S FOLLOWING ME!
WELL, WELL! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
HEH! HEH! THIS WILL BE A SNAP! I'LL WAIT TILL WE'RE OVER A NICE SWAMP PAGODA THEN I'LL CUT BUNGLE'S PARACHUTE CORDS AND WATCH HIM DROP!
GULP!
SHIP! SHIP! SHIP!
SHIP! SHIP! SHIP!
ONE SHOOT BACK AND SIDES COMING OFF SMUGGLER!
EEK! THESE ARE MY LIFELINE!
GOO! I ALMOST FORGOT! WE ALWAYS CARRY GUNS— MY TRUSTY BIT-SHOOTER, BLESS YOU!
AAAH! HE'S RIDDLING MY PARACHUTE!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
ZOOM!
ZOOM!
RACE YOU— LAST ONE DOWN IS A CHEEP!
HELP! MOVVER!
THUD!
GAWD! I WON!
AH SO! VELLY SMELLY- EVIL CHINESEY SWAMPY— VELLY UGH!
PHEW
SPLUDGE!
GULP!
ULP! I HAD A RIGHT STICK IN THE WUG!
HEH! HEH! WHAT'S A CHEEP?
SPLUDGE!
AAGH! IT'S BORIS BLUG!
SMASH!
EDITOR'S SPECIAL WIDE PAGE
HALLO, READERS. LOOKS LIKE THE MAN FROM BUNGLE'S BUNGLED— HE SHOULD HAVE LET BORIS WIN!
Signed— Cliff Cobb
GULP! GLUG!
NEXT WEEK: CHINESE CURRY & CHOPSTICKS.

# BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!

# you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

The SMASH!
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

[illegible] Alf and Co.

[illegible] Alf and Co.

[illegible] Alf and Co.

Dear Alf and Co.,

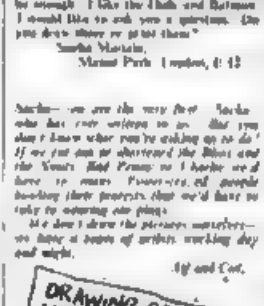
I was crazy to read that you know that the good stories are interesting, like Robinson and Batman, but you don't give them more than two pages. I wonder why you don't give them as many pages as the Hulk. You can give us more of them and cut down the Spanks. Like the Blobs and Sweets and Bad Penny and Charlie's Choice couldn't be enough. I like the Hulk and Batman. I would like to ask you a question. Do you draw them or print them?

Sandra Malcolm,
Manor Park, London, E.12

Sandra—we are the very first Sandra who has ever written to us. But you don't know what you're asking us to do! If we did we'd be shortened the Blobs and the Sweets, Bad Penny so Charlie would have to share Pennywise, all people bombing their presents that we'd have to reply to returning our pings.

We don't draw the pictures ourselves—we have a team of artists working day and night.

Alf and Co.




Dear Alf and Co.,

Bonzo for SMASH! At last you have succeeded. The "Queen of the Seas". When I get my SMASH I never read the back page, but for once I did. I would also like to thank you for getting "The Man from JUNGLE" in SMASH! Two whole pages—gorgeous.

Now I have something to tell you which might surprise you. My friends had not heard of SMASH! before I told them. Just think—meeting the HULK, the LEGEND TESTING, THE AVENGERS, RUBBERMAN etc. Hope this letter is printed as I have already written two other letters.

Yours SMASHingly,
Vicki Cross
Northwood Hills, Middx.

We never pick these letters out specially—rather all take their chance together. But doesn't your letter just illustrate what we were saying about Poor Queenie!

Alf and Co.

Dear Alf and Co.,

The — [illegible] of the shows in SMASH!

Batman and Robin never fell
To put these crooks back into jail,

Percy's Pets learned pass dad.
They drive him off to a nearly mad,

Pam and Penny pass the phone
When there's any trouble, you bring for none

Robbermen is so fantastic
I may watching the classic

As soon as Charlie's in any trouble,
He tells a out of the double.

The HULK is at large every time
He never obeys the law, tearing buildings from ceiling to floor

The Sweets and the Blobs never stop,
They're sending your tractor off his block

Tally's strong and doesn't know it,
But as the comic he certainly shows it.

Pam old Rummy just can't win,
He's almost tried everything.

The Legend Testers are brave men,
They venture into the past again.

Stranger Mouse helps all in trouble,
So tell, you cats, of the double.

Tally's idle and Tally's lazy,
He's driving those poor Nerve crazy.

Cotsly's plans all go forward
If he's not careful he'll be out of work.

This for 7d., It's the greatest,
So hurry up and buy the latest.

SMASH!

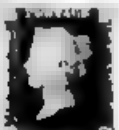
SMASH! FOR EVER!

Miss Patricia O'Reilly,
Armthorpe, Yorks.

*We're not even going to try to reply to this one. Anything we might say after an effort like yours, Paddy, would only be a letdown!*

*But what may we ask, in a village with a name as Armthorpe, is Pat doing in Yorkshire?*

Alf and Co.

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JET STAMPS (Dept. HP), MUCH WENLOCK, SALOP

# THE INCREDIBLE HULK

# "CAPTURED AT LAST!"

YOU'VE FINALLY MET YOUR MATCH, BILL... YOU'RE HALF LEAD BEFORE ME NOW!

LAST YEAR, HE CAME AN UNDERWEIGHT SPY LOOK HOMELY ENOUGH THE HULK, AND IN THE BRUTE BANNER HAD SUCH TO TEST THE EFFECT OF ATOMIC EXPLOSIONS!

THUS WHEN BANNER ONCE AGAIN CHANGED INTO THE INCREDIBLE HULK, HIS OWN CREATION WAS TURNED AGAINST HIM!

POWERFUL AS HE IS, THE HULK IS STILL HUMAN... STILL FLESH AND BLOOD... EVEN THOUGH BANNER'S MYSTERIOUS GAMMA RAYS HAVE INCREASED HIS STRENGTH A THOUSAND FOLD AND SO EVEN AS THE STRONGEST LIVING MORTAL CANNOT ESCAPE THE TRAP HIS ENTIRE TRIBE HAS CREATED TO SHOWCASE THE POWER OF THE ATOMIC ERA!

I CAN FEEL THE CHANGE COMING AGAIN! I'LL SOON BE TRANSFORMED INTO THE WEAKLING BRUTE BANNER! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY... DOWN THE HALL... BEFORE THE ROBOT LEARNS MY SECRET!

THE MOST REQUESTED, MOST EAGERLY AWAITED NEW SERIES OF THE YEAR!

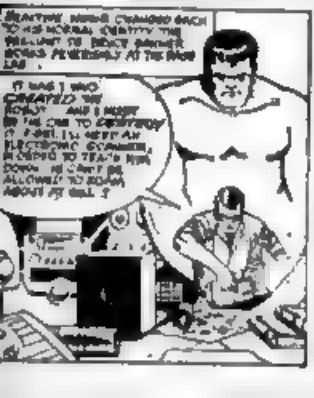
PRODUCED BY ONE OF THE GREATEST TEAMS IN COMICS!

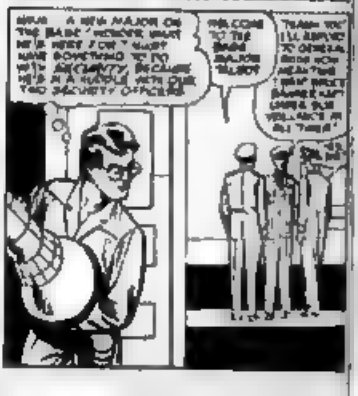
The Incomparable STAN LEE Author

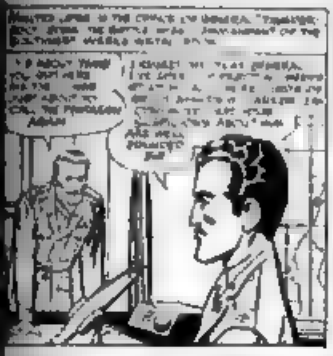
The Formidable STEVE DITKO Illustrator

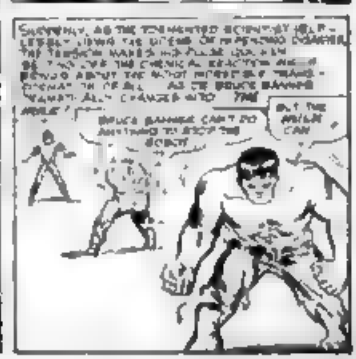
The Outstanding GEORGE BELL Inker

The Inevitable S. ROSEN Letterer







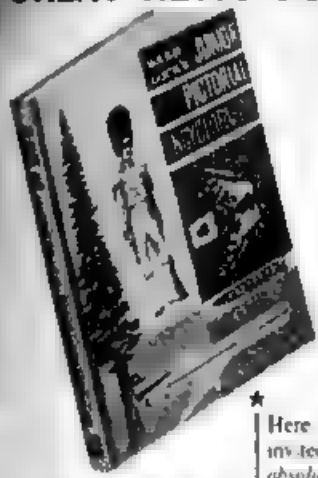


ONLY ONE CHANCE I'LL THROW MYSELF TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PIT
NOOOO
CRUNCH!
UNNNH...
LOOK! THAT POWER BLOW TO THE HULK!
THE HULK

THERE CHAIN IS AN A SPECIAL DESIGN DEVELOPED BY TONY STARK THE INVENTOR MANY VICTIMS FROM A THEORY WORKED OUT BY DR. BANNER. ANYTHING CAN BREAK THEM!
HE'D PROBABLY SHOVED HIM! ANGEL, ANGEL!
YES, THE BLOOD PATROL WANTED TO REPORT NO SIGN OF DR. BANNER ANYWHERE IN THIS SECTOR! SHALL WE CONTINUE OUR SEARCH?
OF COURSE! THAT'S ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO HERE! DOING NOTHING!
WE ALMOST FOUND SOMETHING IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT!
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO BRUCE? WHY, HE WAS MAJOR TALBOT SENT TO INVESTIGATE THE HULK!
CAN IT BE THE FELLOW IS LOST WITH THE WRONG MAN? AM I MISTAKEN ABOUT BRUCE BANNER?
YOUR DAUGHTER WAS QUITE ROMANTICALLY WITH DR. BANNER, WASN'T SHE, SIR?
YES, BUT I NEVER COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE SAW IN HIM!
IF IT SHOULD DEVELOP THAT THERE IS A CONNECTION BETWEEN HIM AND THE HULK...
BY THUNDER, THERE MUST BE! I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES! BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT!
I KNOW THERE MUST BE SOMEBODY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HULK. SOMEBODY CONTROLLING HIM. AND WHEN I FIND OUT WHO WHAT I'LL DO!
AT MY COMMAND THEY'LL BLAST DIRECTLY UPON HIM. IF HE MOVED ANY SIGNS OF BREAKING FIRE! FIRE!
I'M IN CHARGE. CAN'T MOVE. CAPTURED BY THE ARMY. BUT I'LL GET PAID. NO ONE CAN KEEP THE HULK A PRISONER
GLOWING THE HULK GRIPS THE BOMB WITH HIS BLAZING VIOLENT EYES. GATHERING HIS STRENGTH... PREPARING FOR ONE MIGHTY HERCULEAN EFFORT TO SHATTER THE CHAINS THAT BIND HIM.
THE CHAINS ARE BROKEN! WHO? BY THUNDER, HE'S REALLY GOT HIM!
NOW WE'LL MAKE HIM TALK. WHEN LEARN WHERE HE CAME FROM AND HE GOT THAT WAY
OLEEN I'M AFRAID I'M AFRAID OF WHAT WE'LL LEARN
AND SO COUNT BY VIRTUALLY UNBREAKABLE CHAINS FORGED BY ATOMIC ARTILLERY PIECES TERRIFIED IN UPON HIS OWN BODY THE HULK BEGINS TO SHOW HIS BEHIND 3 MUSCLES TO EXERT HIS ALMOST UNLIMITED STRENGTH
BUT THE MORE HE STRAINS TO THE MORE TEMPEROUS PRESSURE HE EXERTS. THE MORE HE PULLS AND STRAINS TO CHANGE THE CLOSER HE COMES TO AGAIN BECOMING TRANSFORMED INTO BRUCE BANNER!!
NEXT ISSUE MORE SURPRISES AND THE GREAT RED GIANT REALLY BEGINS TO DANGER STAN REMEMBER THE ONE THING YOU CAN ALWAYS EXPECT FROM THE MARVEL UNIVERSE TEAM OF LEE AND DITKO IS THE UNEXPECTED!

# GREAT NEWS FOR EVERY READER OF 'SMASH!'

# ACCEPT THIS GREAT ENCYCLOPÆDIA FREE!



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★

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SMASH Jan 6

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NAME [illegible]
(In BLOCK LETTERS, please)

ADDRESS [illegible]

[illegible] Parent's Signature [illegible]

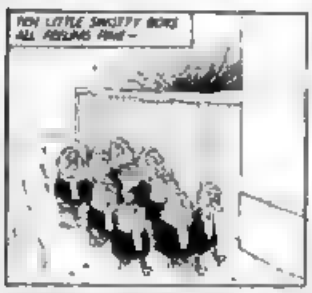
*Details and rules for overseas membership on request*

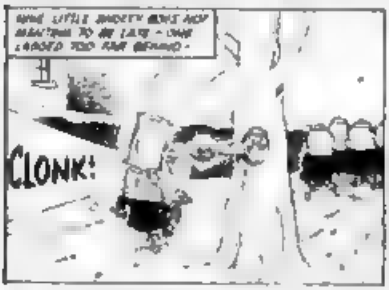
# Charlie's Choice

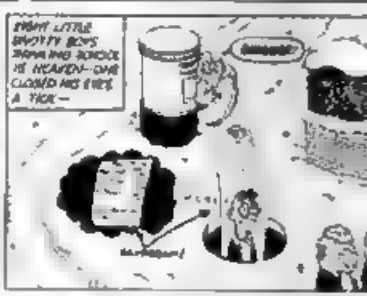
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE

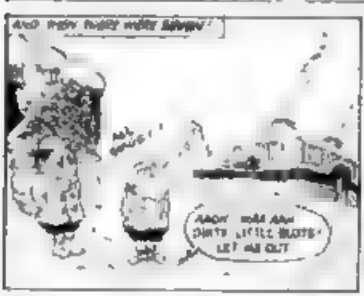
HEH! HEH! I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND TO LAMP TO LICK HIM!
OH NO! IT'S P.C. PEEK! — HE RANKERS LIKING YOU WITH THAT BIG JAM! BURP
THAT WON'T DO THEM ANY GOOD! THEY WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!
HELP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
CAR WASH 10¢
QUIET! JUST SIT UP THERE AND DON'T MOVE!
HELP! HELP! I'M BEING DREADFULLY
HEH HEH THAT CAR WASH WILL GET ALL THE CHOCOLATE OFF JIMMY
YOU CLOT! MY CLOTHES HAVE ALL SHRUNK! NOW I'M REALLY IN TROUBLE!
YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING! AT LEAST OLD P.C. PEEK CAN'T FOLLOW OUR TRAIL NOW. LET'S GO HOME. I'VE ENJOYED TODAY, NO! NO!
PHEW! AM GLAD TO BE BACK! IT'S MURDER OUT THERE!
OWEN SMITH! YOUR CLOTHES WOULD YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?
OUCH! HEY! OUCH! NOT SO HARD ON JIM!
NO! NOT POOR OLD JIM!
LOOK OUT CHARLIE
YOU NEEDN'T LAUGH LAD
I'VE JUST HAD A WORD WITH P.C. PEEK! HE SENT YOU THIS!
OUCH! HEY! OUCH! NOT SO HARD ON CHARLIE!
NO NO JIM FEELS MUCH BETTER NOW THAT'S OK QUITE

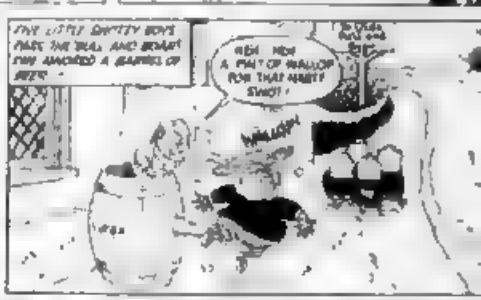
# The SWOTS and the BLOTS

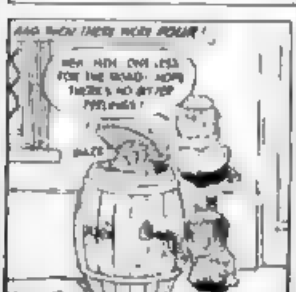






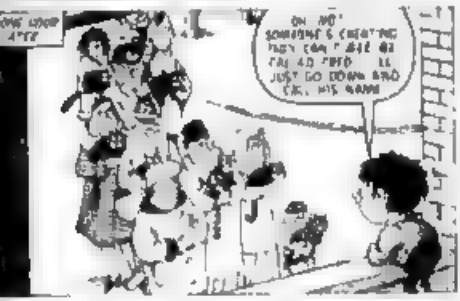


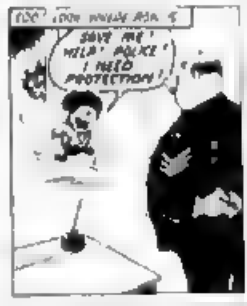



HEH HEH! THAT'S SMASHED THE LITTLE BLOKTER!
SQUASH!
HEH HEH THINK WE'LL GET THE LAST TWO THIEVES WITH ONE GO?
WHO LITTLE SMITTY HAVE MISSING ALL THE FUN—
A DEFENCE IN THE ROAD—
HEY! LOOK, CHIEF! A BRAND NEW DAMAGED DEFENCE!
YOU MUST HAVE IT IN TO THE POLICE STATION
AND THEN THERE WERE NONE!
ZOOOOOM!
BOOT!
AARGH!
SMASH!
WHACK!
THANG!
WHEEE!
JOIN THE REST OF THE RUBBISH, SNOTS!
WHA-AAH! HELP! NASTY BLOTS! LET US OUT!
HEH HEH! TO SCHOOL LADS! BOY IT'S GOING TO BE GREAT WITHOUT THOSE THIEVES TODAY!
MORE MILK FOR US TODAY! THE SNOTS HAVE GONE AWAY!
???
THERE'S NO MILK AND NO SCHOOL EITHER TODAY YOU LITTLE THIEVES! THIS IS SATURDAY!
GASP!!
WAAH! WAAH! ALL OUR GOOD WORK WASTED!
WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN ON MONDAY!
SHRIEK! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT YOU TWERP! YOU DON'T CHANGE THE CALENDER! AARGH!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

# RONNIE RICH





# ews from the floor of 64

**64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

WRITING these weekly words to all of you is somewhat like writing a weekly letter to old friends. We just get ourselves good and comfortable, present that you are sitting right opposite us—and that we're talking to you. There's no blank staring out of the window. No chaos-like chewing on the end of the pen in a struggling search for a source of inspiration. Because we feel that you're right here with us there always seems to be something we want to say to you.

Take a moment like right now, for example. How could we go on kidding ourselves we're true and faithful friends of yours if we didn't give you a hint reminder that next week is the week when 1967 really gets going! It's the week of SPIDER-MAN! It's the week of NICK FURY! of the SPITERS—THE GROUP!—JACK MAGIC! — THE DIZZY DAZZLING, DEMONIACAL DOLLS OF ST DOMINICS—and of so many other weird and wheeky and whacky and whomsky characters that we're still wondering how we contrived to cram them all into one mag!

But do it we did! And having done it, the rest is now up to you! Because this long labour of love will have all been a waste of time unless you descend upon your newsagent next Saturday and say unto him, "POW!"

WE'RE still getting mountains of mail from girl readers—and most of you pussy-cats are still making mistakes mis-cows about probably being the only female fan we have. Another thing about most of you Power-Girls is the way you go ga-ga over the HULK! What's old Greenskin's secret? Is it his power?—the gorgeous good looks?—Or do you just love him for his mind alone? We've just got to know!

★

**Meet Twenty Proud Power-Pack People.**

Hugh Stewart, Lancashire; Richard Colin Smith, Lutterbed; Trevor David Nicholson, Derby; Gordon Tatum, Charles Barnett, Harlow; Janet Rolston, Wednesbury; Warwick Keith Mowry, Hitchin, Herts; Peter Frank Gil Monsalve, Bilston; Frank Vaile, Hawaiian; Anthony Peter Thornton, Wirr; Paul Cannon, Liverpool; Andrew Mark Rendall, East Lothian; Charles Rankin Tyler, Billy Wirr; Wendell Cheshire B. Dalton Knighley, Yours Sincerely, your Dreamer A.K.Y.; Adrian, Grant under 5th Auckland, New Zealand; Michael Lilburnand, Warrington, Lancs; David Jones, Ashford, Kent; Steven Smith, Margate, Kent; Keith Armstrong, Dursley, Glos.

★

*THAT wraps it up for this week, fanatic fans—except for one thing. There is absolutely no truth in the rumour that we're planning a streaming story in which BIFF fights the THING! Blue-eyed Benjy Grimm says he isn't scared, and Biff claims he isn't either. But we get!*

★

# T'S COMING NEXT WEEK!

**THE LATEST AND GREATEST FROM THE POWER HOUSE!**

***T'S ON SALE NEXT SATURDAY!***

# THE LEGEND TESTERS

BRAGGARTS! WORK FASTER, YOU DOGS! THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE!
AND AS THE EVIL BLACK SHIELD MALEVOLENTLY WATCHES THE WORK PROCEED, WULF STIRS... AND SLOWLY — PAINFULLY — DRAGS HIMSELF THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY...
THE GUARDS AT THE CASTLE GATES HAVE NO CAUSE TO BE SUSPICIOUS OF WULF, FOR THEY KNOW HIM TO BE IN THE PAY OF THEIR MASTER...
SORELY WOUNDED, HE STAGGERS THROUGH THE FOREST...
MUST GET...AWAY! BEFORE BLACK SHIELD REALISES I STILL LIVE...!
MEANWHILE, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN HAS JUST LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT TO THE WHOLE STORY TOLD HIM BY THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHANTERS...
NEVER HAVE I KNOWN SUCH DAYS AS THESE! FIRST YOU TWO STRANGERS APPEAR FROM NOWHERE AND YOU TELL ME THAT YOU HAVE TRAVELLED HERE FROM THE FUTURE! MY MAGIC ORB VANISHES! AND THEN WULF, MY ASSISTANT, DISAPPEARS!
I KNOW NOT — EH?
M... MERLIN...!
IT'S WULF!
AND HE'S BADLY HURT!
MASTER...FORGIVE ME! I STOLE THE MAGIC ORB FROM YOU AND DELIVERED IT TO BLACK SHIELD! AND WITH ITS AID BLACK SHIELD HAS MADE A TERRIBLE WEAPON, BORROWED FROM THE FUTURE! HE USED THIS WEAPON UPON ME... AAAH!
HE'S PAINTED FROM LOSS OF BLOOD!
GENTLY ROLLO TREATS THE WOUND IN WULF'S SHOULDER...
LOOK! WULF WAS SHOT — BY THIS BULLET! THAT MEANS HIS STORY IS TRUE! THIS BLACK SHIELD DOES HAVE SOME SORT OF GUN!
JUST THINK OF THE POWER A MAN WITH A GUN WOULD HOLD IN A COUNTRY LIKE THIS WHERE ALL OTHER MEN ARE ARMED ONLY WITH SWORDS AND CLUBS!
I MUST DEPART AT ONCE! KING ARTHUR MUST KNOW OF THIS DEVIL'S WORK — BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
WE'RE COMING WITH YOU, MERLIN!
LEAVING A WOMAN FROM THE NEARBY VILLAGE TO TEND THE INJURED WULF THEY SET OFF...
FOR HOUR UPON HOUR THEY RIDE...UNTIL, AT LAST...
WE HAVE REACHED OUR JOURNEY'S END. YONDER LIES THE FAIREST CITY IN ALL THIS REALM — NAY! IN ALL THE WORLD! FOR THIS IS CAMELOT — WHEREIN DWELLS KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE!
NEXT ISH: THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR!

# THE NERVS

OH, BOY! NOTHING LIKE A SNOWBALL FIGHT TO WARM YOU UP!
SPLUDGE!

COME ON, BOYS! MAKE THE FASTER AND LET ERNIE HAVE IT!
SQUASH! SPLUDGE!

HAND ICE
WHY CAN'T THE BIG TWERP WEAR GLOVES? GOR!
GRR! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR HIM, BUT WE'RE FROZEN STIFF!
CAN'T EVEN GET HOT WATER BOTTLES — THE WATER'S FROZEN IN THE TAP! GRR!

I'LL GO AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW AN ELECTRIC FIRE FROM SOMEWHERE!

I'LL CHUG DOWN TO THE MESS DEPARTMENT AND GET A HEATER THERE! THEY DON'T NEED ONE — FATTY'S GOT A NICE WARM SCARF ON!

WHACK!
AAAGH! I'VE SPRUNG A LEAK!

ABANDON SHIP!!
BLUB!

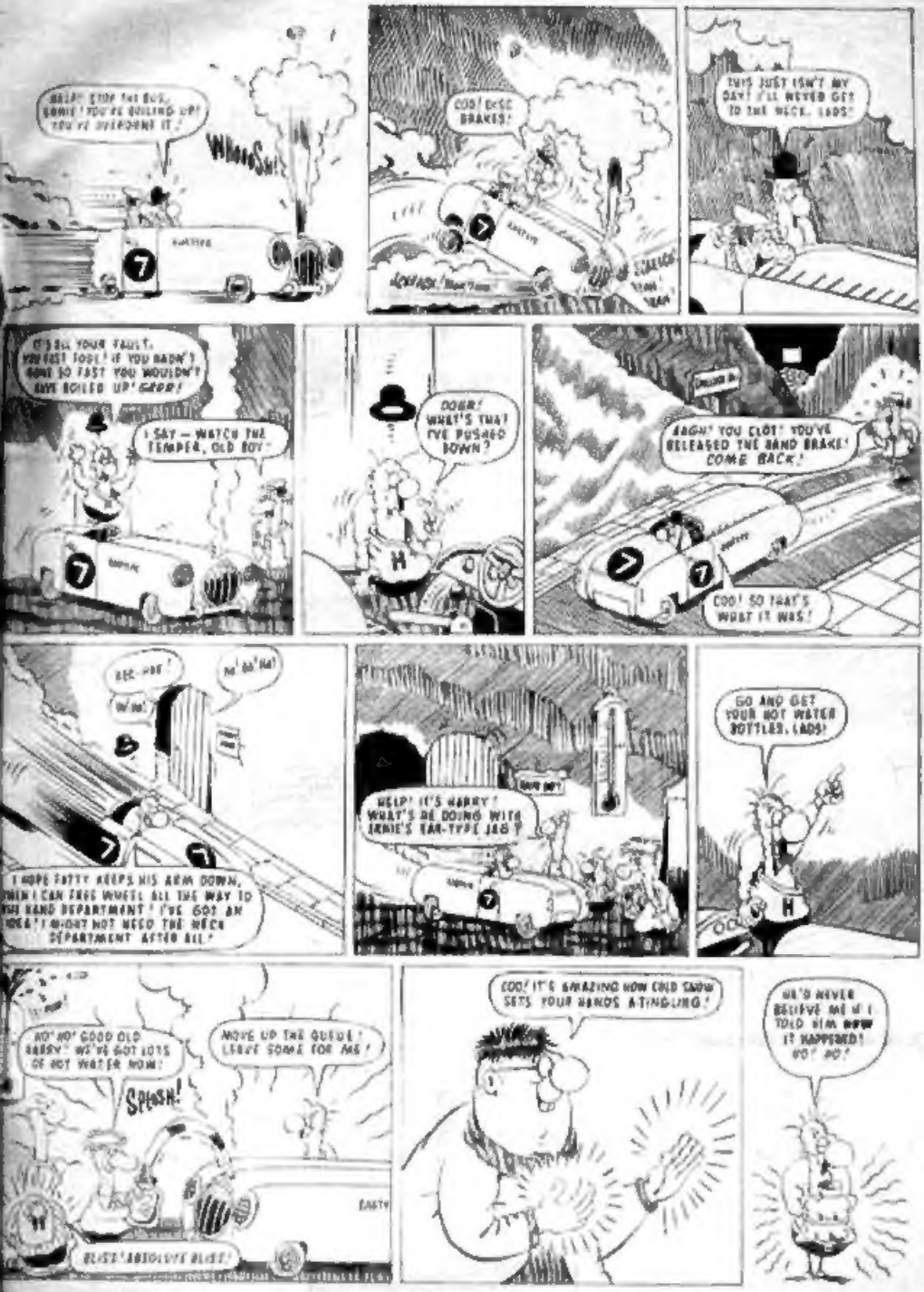
BLIMP! HOW DO I GET TO THE MESS DEPARTMENT NOW?

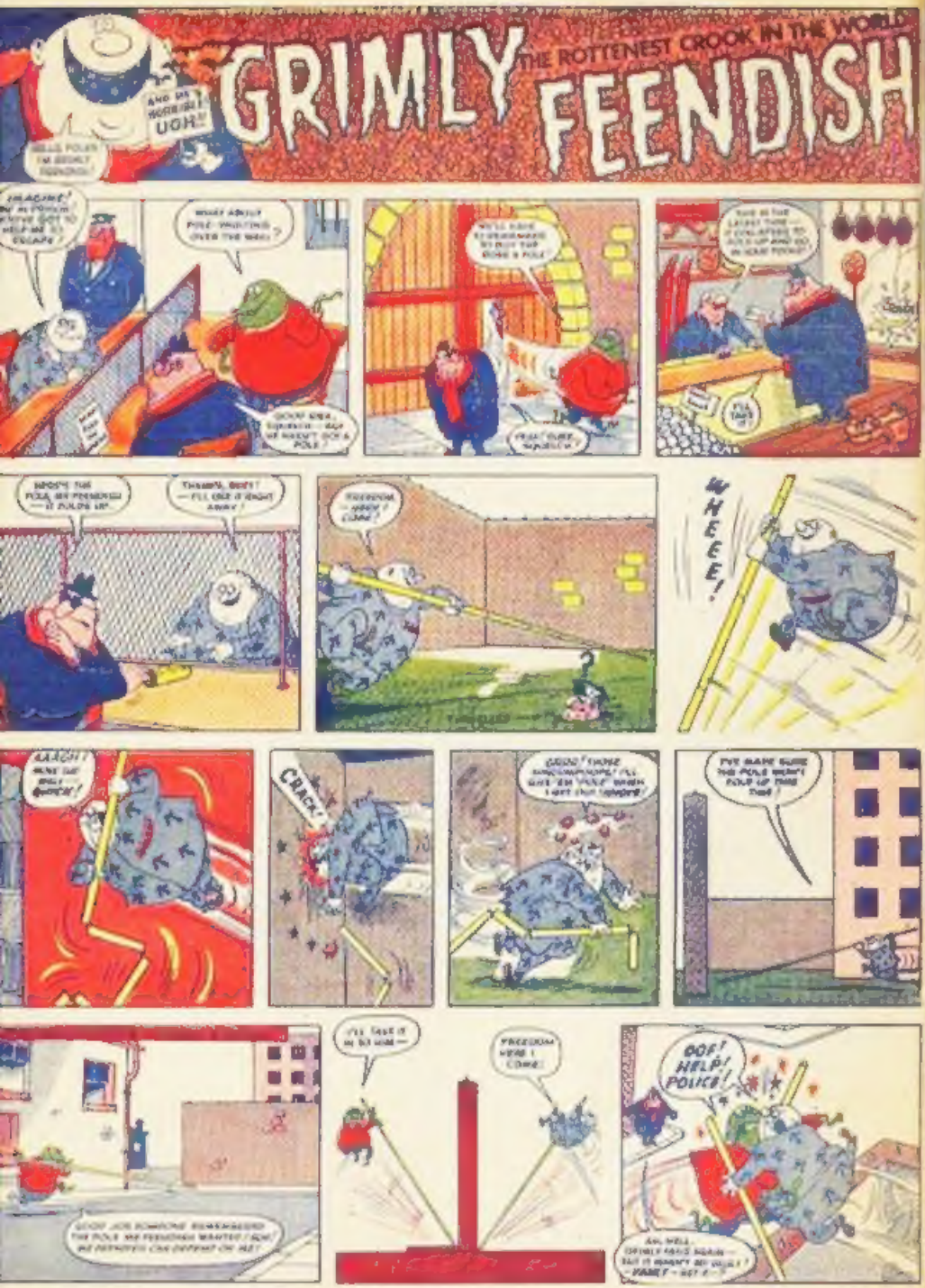
HOP ABOARD, OLD CHAP! I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!
COR! IT'S ERNIE BAR HARY IN HIS BAR TYPE JAG!

OOR! MEEK! NOT SO FAST, ERNIE! YOU'LL CRASH!
VARROOOM!
RUBBISH, OLD BOY! SAFE AS HOUSES!

BLINKING NUISANCE, THOSE BELLY ROAD SERVICE LORRIES!
CHUG! CHUG!
THEY'VE GOT TO DELIVER THE VITAMINS ALL OVER THE BODY — IT MUST BE DONE!

BLINKING SHOW-OFF! HE CAN'T KEEP UP THAT SPEED — HE'LL BOIL UP FOR SURE!
BRS


HELP! STOP THE BUS, ERNIE! YOU'RE BOILING UP! YOU'VE OVERDONE IT!
WHOOSH!
COD! DICE BRAKES!
THIS JUST ISN'T MY DAY! I'LL NEVER GET TO THE WEEK, LADS!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU FAST TOOL! IF YOU HADN'T GONE SO FAST YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BOILED UP! GROR!
I SAY — WATCH THE TEMPER, OLD BOY!
DOOR! WHAT'S THAT I'VE PUSHED DOWN?
AAGH! YOU CLOT! YOU'VE RELEASED THE HAND BRAKE! COME BACK!
COD! SO THAT'S WHAT IT WAS!
I HOPE FATTY KEEPS HIS ARM DOWN, THEN I CAN FREE WHEEL ALL THE WAY TO THE HAND DEPARTMENT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I MIGHT NOT NEED THE WEEK DEPARTMENT AFTER ALL!
HELP! IT'S HARRY! WHAT'S HE DOING WITH ERNIE'S EAR-TYPE JAB?
GO AND GET YOUR HOT WATER BOTTLES, LADS!
NO! NO! GOOD OLD HARRY! WE'VE GOT LOTS OF HOT WATER NOW!
MOVE UP THE QUEUE! LEAVE SOME FOR ME!
SPLASH!
BLISS! ABSOLUTE BLISS!
COD! IT'S AMAZING HOW COLD SNOW SETS YOUR HANDS A-TINGLING!
WE'D NEVER BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD HIM HOW IT HAPPENED! NO! NO!

# GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD